



**THE SEA COAST ECHO**  
C. G. Moreau, Editor and Publisher  
Official Journal of The Board of  
Supervisors, Hancock County, Miss.  
Official Journal of Board of Mayor  
and Aldermen City of Bay St. Louis

**WHO AM I?**

I am more powerful than the combined armies of the world.  
I have destroyed more men than all the wars of the nations.  
I am more deadly than bullets, and I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest of siege guns.  
I stand, in the United States alone, over \$300,000,000 each year.

I spare no one and I find my victims among the rich and poor alike, the young and old, the strong and weak. Widows and orphans know me.

I loom up to such proportions that I cast my shadow over every field of labor, from the turning of the grindstone to the moving of every railroad train.

I massacre thousands upon thousands of wage earners a year.

I lurk in unseen places and do most of my work silently. You are warned against me, but you heed not.

I am relentless.

I am everywhere—in the house, on the streets, in the factory, at the railroad crossings, and on the sea.

I bring sickness, degradation and death, and yet few seek to avoid me.

I destroy, crush or maim; I give nothing but take all.

I am your worst enemy.

**I AM CARELESSNESS.**

Ancient and amusing song title: "Old Folks at Home."

Brittania formerly ruled the waves—but now it's the marcel.

When is a pair of socks like a golf course? When they have 18 holes.

Some men are so easy, they would buy hair tonic from a bald-headed barber.

Fellows who used to hire a hall now get things out of their system by broadcasting.

Many autoists think warning signs at railroad crossings are intended for the locomotive engineer.

Adventurous boys used to dream of fighting Indians; now they dream of joining the rum fleet.

"Foreign titles are so absurd," remarked the District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks.

When wifey bawls you out, you can play for time by remarking that her nose is shiny.

Many thousands of hands are working for Ford; but think of the mouths that are working for Wrigley.

Some Minnesota counties pay bounties of \$15 for wolves and \$6 for cubs. Why don't hunters let them grow up?

Fatty Arbuckle's wife got one divorce from him in New York and another in Paris. The lady appears to be forming a habit.

John C. Eastman, sole owner of the Chicago Daily Journal, who died last month, left that newspaper to a group of employees. The Journal was founded in 1844 and has a circulation of 118,000. The custom of bequeathing valuable business interests to faithful co-workers is growing and is a most fitting and practical tribute to a loyal service.

Government departments flood newspaper offices with all sorts of propaganda, always with the idea of boosting the bureaucrats who print and mail it out at the expense of the taxpayers. Most editors are wise to this stuff, and it usually goes into the wastebasket, where it belongs. Sufficient of this stuff reaches The Echo weekly to fill its columns with naught else.

**OUR ANCESTORS.**

Honoring of parents or other worthy forbears is most commendable, but the extremes to which some people carry their pride of ancestry is somewhat amusing.

It has been pretty conclusively established by scientists that acquired characteristics can not be transmitted to posterity and we have unlimited instances of worthless offspring from high-class parentage, while on the other hand many persons born in obscurity have made notable successes in life.

The divine right of kings was founded on ancestry, usually beginning with some political or military upset. The American "400" was founded on the wealth of shrewd, though uncouth, traders and schemers of the early days.

While in some sections the fetish of ancestry is still worshipped, it is becoming out of date and nowadays a man must amount to something in his own right if he would be held in high esteem.

As a recent writer has well said: "Humanity's sense of justice would be outraged if descendants of a criminal justly hanged, say, three hundred years ago, should still be under the infamy of that ancestor. Why then, should glory attach to the worthless descendant of a hero?"

Hanze, the Spanish author, is continuing the revolution against King Alfonso by mail. Hope our next war may be fought that way.

Another item which has been making the rounds of the press is the

**DOGS RACE WITH DEATH.**

Seldom has a more stirring story appeared in the daily press than that of the intrepid "mudmen" and their faithful dogs dashng across the frozen Alaska wilderness, carrying their precious cargo of antitoxin to the diphtheria-stricken town of Nome.

Bill Shannon, Jim Kalland, Bill Green, Leonard Seppala and Gunnar Kasson were the heroes of this thrilling exploit, in which the distance of 650 miles from Nenana to Nome was covered in relays in five and one half days of travel day and night.

Kasson covered the final leg of the trip in a howling blizzard, with the mercury 30 degrees below zero. Kalland made a record between Tolovana and Hot Springs that will probably stand for years to come. Green made the 175 miles from Hot Springs to Ruby in less than 16 hours of Arctic night. The others showed equal endurance and courage.

According to Kasson, all this effort would have been in vain, had it not been for his big black dog, Balto, leader of his crack team of thirteen Siberian malamutes. Kasson said:

"In the long trek across the snow-covered and blizzarded trail, it was Balto's eyes that saw, when human eyes had failed."

For sheer grit and determination the brilliant exploit of these "sourdoughs" and their wonderful dogs has hardly been surpassed.

**TOLERANCE IS NEEDED.**

In the present state of unrest, with crime rampant throughout the land, the need for tolerance and co-operation among honest and well-meaning people is greater than ever before.

Too much energy is being wasted in fruitless wrangles over politics, religion and other controversial matters, and too little is being spent in sincere efforts to promote higher standards of public and private conduct.

People will always have different views on many questions and no amount of argument or abuse will ever lead everyone to the same way of thinking. It is proper to have convictions and to stand by them, but we should accord the same right to our neighbors.

On many of the vital problems of our time a majority of people could agree, if they would only lay aside unimportant differences and join in advancing those things that are really worth while.

We spend much time in arguing over fine points of theology, while political corruption, social injustice and general lawlessness prevail. We are divided into a thousand warring camps and organizations, when unity is demanded as never before.

Those who foster strife are applauded and followed, while pleas for tolerance, broad-mindedness and co-operation along useful lines are ignored.

We are favored in prosperity and opportunity beyond all other nations, yet we are wasting a great portion of our priceless heritage through senseless wrangling over trivial matters. Above all things else, we need to cultivate the spirit of true brotherhood.

**WHY WORRY?**

There are quite a few people who believe that "what will be will be." They can now find encouragement in the story of Mr. E. N. Cooksey, of Clarksville, Tenn. Mr. Cooksey is 83, a civil war veteran, and despite numerous serious accidents is reasonably Hale and hearty. He was wounded four times at the battle of Missionary Ridge. He has been struck by lightning and was in two train wrecks. His skull was fractured when he was hit on the head with a brick in a fight. Recently he fell off a bridge, breaking several ribs and his jawbone. And he still lives to tell it. A peaceful death in bed will probably be his end. Not all of us will be so fortunate, but it does not pay to worry over what may happen.

The "what will be will be" philosophy is good, if we do not permit it to encourage carelessness. Personally, we believe in it a good deal ourselves. But we always look both ways, just the same, before we start to cross a street.

**WORTH REMEMBERING.**

In conversation with a carpenter recently we asked him how he managed to avoid mistakes, and he answered: "I make it a rule to measure twice before I cut once." We've studied over that answer, and we believe it would apply well in everything we do—measure twice before we cut, think twice before we speak, and so on. There is more time and energy and raw material wasted in this country from lack of forethought than one can even estimate. No one can do his best work when hurrying, and what is done in a hurry often has to be done over. Taking time to think over what you are about to do means that you can be sure of having it right when it is done. And having it right saves time in the long run.

The carpenter has given us a thought well worth keeping in mind: "Measure twice before you cut once."

We've sent this to our carpenter.

Another item which has been making the rounds of the press is the

**ARMY NAME UNKNOWN.**

Henry was, on his way to war, never seen, and the water in the well runs dry, and this is impossible to newspapers. When a community has a newspaper, as a rule it is willing to let it "rock along" as best it can, without considering that it needs co-operation, but let that paper fail, and the people get very much concerned.

The two latest papers in the State to suspend publication are the Coldwater Herald, published by G. W. Price, and the Gloster Record, published by W. D. Caulfield. For thirty-six years Mr. Caulfield has given the people a good paper, but on account of his health is unable to run it longer and in a pathetic statement says that he regrets to take this step, but on account of the patronage that he has.

He has decided that "now when most of the paid-in-advance subscriptions have been completed, no obligations outstanding and everything in good shape, it is an opportune time to turn her toes to the newspaper graveyard."

Since the paper suspended, the people there have become very anxious about continuing same, when they should have become anxious before and accorded the advertising patronage that would justify the paper in continuing and at the same time bring prompt returns.

Commenting on the matter, the Port Gibson Reveille well says:

"The business men of the place are very much disturbed over the death of their only newspaper, and are endeavoring to get a capable man to go there and re-establish the record. There are two elements required to make a live newspaper—a capable owner and an appreciative community. A town which has long possessed a paper does not realize what it is to be without one until the paper suspends because of lack of support."

The taxpayer's consolation is derived from the fact that the controversy may finally develop the truth regarding relative values of various means of national defense and may in the long run prevent waste of money on antiquated armament.

**BROADCASTINGS.**

When all is said and done, the most dangerous word in the English language is "Yes."

Suits with two pair of trousers are now in demand, but what the average man wishes for is that they'd throw in an extra coat and vest.

One thing that puzzles us is how a girl can eat a tidy piece of toast for breakfast and still be alive when dinner time comes.

The old-time illustration of a bull in a china shop has given way to a congressman trying to solve our foreign problems.

Our advice to citizens is to try to get all they are looking for in this world. They may get something they're not looking for in the next.

You've also probably noticed that many of the good deeds men forget to do are written on their tombstones.

With Florida and California both strapping, it looks as though the next civil war the United States is going to be fought over "climate."

Our idea of a wonderful wife is the woman who can look like she is interested while her husband is doing his bragging.

The length of a skirt is no longer a sign of age and for that matter neither is her face.

Auto drivers would be perfectly happy if they could save their parking space from one day to another.

Mother says the baby is like father in one respect—every time it opens its mouth it puts its foot into it.

A St. Louis crook stole \$4 from a blind man. All we hope is that he bought poisoned bootleg liquor with it.

If there is a man who wants to know how hard it is to make ends meet let him try running a limousine on a flivver salary.

Some people can be judged by what they say and others by the loud jewelry they wear.

There are quite a few people who believe that "what will be will be."

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**NEWSPAPER SUSPENDED.**

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**THE CHARM OF THE MISSISSIPI GULF COAST, TOLD BY VISITOR.**

(Continued from Page One.)

have stood, upon the rock-strewn north shore of Lake Superior and watched the light play in the spray thrown up by the mighty waves; you may have, slipping along the aisles of Spanish moss-covered oaks, young when I first dreamed of a new empire, gazed spell-bound at Lake Ponchartrain, set out like a great rapping bow of molten silver; but you have yet to feel the deepest heart thrill unless you have seen the sun rise out of Mississippi Sound and kiss into waking a new and perfect day on the Gulf Coast.

Bay St. Louis is an old town, using New World towns as a base for comparison. If you doubt it, I will take you to the little cemetery under the great moss-covered live oaks in the heart of the city, and show you graves dating back to the seventeenth century. If you are still doubtful, we will go to another spot, where, under the shade of old, old trees, we shall see the little shrine, My Lady of the Woods, placed there many, many years ago, when the negro was a chattel in the Gulf Coast country. We are told that a priest, coming to this new land of promise, storm-tossed on the great Gulf, prayed that the ship and all on board might be saved, and promised the Almighty that, if they reached land he would enter a shrine of faith. The vessel reached the shelter of Bay St. Louis, and his first act, upon landing upon this beautiful wooded shore, was to erect his shrine in accordance with his promise.

Today there is much modernity about this old city. It has electric lights and municipal waterworks supply pure, sweet water to its residents from artesian wells sunk five hundred feet below the level of the sea. The street, following the beach, on which we are walking, is South Front street, and if we follow it, we shall cross Main street and continue on down North Front street, past modern banking institutions and newly opened hotel, the Weston, erected and managed in accordance with the very latest methods in hotel construction and operation. There is an up-to-date newspaper, The Sea Coast Echo, automobiles, filling stations and paved streets. But evidence of age and echoes of old Spain and France is everywhere apparent.

This little old city, like many others along the Gulf Coast, drowsing on the beach, has learned serenity from the years and the Mississippi Sound. Its hospitable, courteous people look out through palm-flecked sunshades to the still sapphire waters that remember Bienville and Lafitte. Under the century-old palms and live oaks, their houses of the seventeenth century of France and Spain, stand lush with the narrow, crooked streets through which still rides the romance and tradition of a gay, adventurous young world that closed its street windows and made merry in its sequestered courtyards and hanging balconies. Here are descendants of the peoples that conquered countries to the music of guitars, and found time for gaiety and courtesy while they blazed trails, fought Indians and laid the foundations of a new nation.

Let us turn into this narrow street to our left. No, that white fronted building on the right is not a residence, however much it may look like one. That is the Bay Plumbing Co., and in that quaint looking house a little further down the street, on the left, is a bakery. And so we find it throughout this little city. Some of the business buildings, of what might be termed more recent construction, proclaim their identity, but there is still many business places in old houses widely scattered throughout the city.

Most of the industries along this Gulf Coast have a picturesque air. The fruit farmer carts his golden oranges to market in tall green baskets. The vegetable man brings the produce from his little garden to you in a rickety old wagon, drawn by a bony little long-eared mule. The oyster man, the shrimp vendor and fisherman still carries his basket or pushes his cart loaded with fresh food from the sea, supplying his customers wherever they may be found.

Wander from the towns along the Coast and you will find paths and smooth roads that run back from the sound into forests of pines, moss-fosted oaks, magnolias, crepe myrtles, honeysuckles and oleanders, sometimes to the doors of winter homes or plantation houses, and sometimes into the woods, where they lure one on to where the forest

stretches away, wild and primitive, even in this old country. The trail may lead to a cypress swamp, its close growing trees, vines and mosses shrouding the mysteries of its dark depths from the noonday sun.

Along this Coast are many dark bayous and streams, their only banks above the waters the tall grass and cane growing at their edge, and their dark, deep waters, navigable for miles, running toward the sea, then away from the sea, as the tide ebbs and flows. Rounding the timbered Lookout, and milder in a pleasant way. Who should she see, dressed in everything new? But the same policeman, that she knew.

Now, what do you think of this little maid?

Vamping the law—because she was afraid.

Editors, merchants, and others beware.

She will vamp you, too, without a care.

It will entirely concealed by the sea or grass through which it seems to sail.

Should you go aboard that wind-driven craft, and the land breeze hold strong, you would soon come to the sea and be sailing down the paths of history. You might sail by that hundred foot sand hill on Sieur Pierre d'Alberville's Island of Cats—where, in 1754, the French garrison in many, many years ago, when the negro was a chattel in the Gulf Coast country. We are told that a priest, coming to this new land of promise, storm-tossed on the great Gulf, prayed that the ship and all on board might be saved, and promised the Almighty that, if they reached land he would enter a shrine of faith. The vessel reached the shelter of Bay St. Louis, and his first act, upon landing upon this beautiful wooded shore, was to erect his shrine in accordance with his promise.

Over yonder under the slight haze, we see again the Pass of Christian and the opening to the bay of St. Louis, where Governor Claiborne sent his troops in 1810 to wipe out the last vestige of Spanish authority, and as your eyes sweep the air, history, old and new, is in every glance. Further along the beach is Beauvoir, where the leader of the Lost Cause sat in the lengthening shadows and penned "The Rise and Fall of the Confederacy." Then, going on you come to the great harbor of Ship Island—the haven for ships since the days when Bienville came in 1699, and the base from which Packington launched his attack on New Orleans. The street, following the beach, on which we are walking, is South Front street, and if we follow it, we shall cross Main street and continue on down North Front street, past modern banking institutions and newly opened hotel, the Weston, erected and managed in accordance with the very latest methods in hotel construction and operation. There is an up-to-date newspaper, The Sea Coast Echo, automobiles, filling stations and paved streets. But evidence of age and echoes of old Spain and France is everywhere apparent.

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stretches away, wild and primitive, even in this old country. The trail may lead to a cypress swamp, its close growing trees, vines and mosses shrouding the mysteries of its dark depths from the noonday sun.

A lady was excited, only looking one way. "Oh, I'm frightened, what shall I do?"

Wait a minute, said the policeman.

She will be safe, I'll tell you.

## THE SEA COAST ECHO

C. G. Moran, Editor and Publisher

### POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Sea Coast Echo is authorized to announce **EMILIO CUBA** a candidate for the office of Assessor of Hancock County. Miss, a special election to fill present vacancy, to be held on Saturday, February 28, 1925.

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## TRADE IN YOUR HOME TOWN CITY ECHOES.

—St. Valentine's.

—Knights of Columbus ball to-night at K. C. Hall.

—Mrs. P. Jenks returned home Monday from a week-end visit to her son, Mr. John Jenks, Mrs. Jenks and the baby, at their home in New Orleans.

—Miss Ruth Day, student at the Baptist Bible Institute, at New Orleans, is home for a while visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Day, and sister, Miss Elsie Day, in Toulmin and Estero Park streets.

—Mrs. Carl Marshall returned home last evening from New Orleans, where she visited and was one of the local attendants of the Carnival ball of Mithras on Thursday evening.

—Mrs. Louis H. Burns has returned to New Orleans, after a week-end visit to her summer home on the beach front, and from a visit to Mrs. Klock and daughter, Mrs. Edward Schwartz.

—Mrs. Remy Klock, beloved by all who know her, left Saturday morning with a party of friends to spend a while visiting in New Orleans, where she formerly resided and enjoys a wide acquaintance.

—Miss Evelyn Lacoste has returned from New Orleans, where she spent several days during the early part of the week, and was the recipient of much social attention while in the Carnival City, guests of relatives and friends.

—Mrs. Douglas Bourgeois is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gaine, and family, at their home in Monroe, La., for an indefinite period. Mrs. Bourgeois is accompanied by her two children.

—Mrs. Edna Manar and interesting young sons, Roger and Fred, formerly of Bay St. Louis, but now of Purvis, Miss., are visiting Bay St. Louis friends, and are the house guests of Dr. and Mrs. Jas. A. Evans on the north beach front.

—Mrs. P. V. Lacoste went over to Gulfport Thursday for the afternoon, returning home on the evening twain, little daughter, Alice Vivian, returned home Wednesday from a visit to the doctor's parents and family in New Orleans.

—Mrs. E. J. Boudin, who recently underwent a serious surgical operation at Touro Infirmary, New Orleans, is improving rapidly and her family and friends hope she will soon be able to be home again. The operation was quite a success and her recovery is only a matter of time.

—Miss Maymie O'Dom, well known and efficient county agent, is recovering from a severe spell of the grippe, after a trying illness, and it is hoped she will soon be up and out again. Her many friends over the country will learn with regret of her illness.

—Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Ritayak are spending the week-end at their Waveland home on the beach front, planning to return to New Orleans Monday. Mr. Ritayak, well known attorney at New Orleans, is embracing the opportunity for a well-needed rest from a busy winter season of professional activity.

—Dr. John A. Mead, well known and resident of Logtown, was a welcome caller here during the week. For the sixth consecutive time the Doctor has been elected secretary-treasurer of the Hancock County Medical Association, in which work he is quite active.

General complaint is lodged against the change of schedule for the afternoon train into New Orleans, known as the "Mary Jane," and supposed to be an accommodation train. This is perhaps, under the new arrangement, the slowest train in the country, not excepting the "slow train through Arkansas." Leaving here at a later hour, two hours and twenty-five minutes are consumed to cover the 52-mile trip and the passenger reaches New Orleans at an hour that is not convenient. It is noted the patronage has fallen off considerably. It is hoped the former schedule will be adopted and the public thus better served. A petition for better services is in order.

A message from Lakeland, Fla., on Tuesday received by The Echo stated the Bay St. Louis party on the Florida excursion were having an interesting time. Mr. Osoinach says: "Some trip and some country. Party receiving marked attention everywhere; spending a great deal of time sightseeing; reception committee took us in hand everywhere. Rotary Club has us in hand today. Spent four hours this A. M. in seven-passenger Buick Sedan, Bay St. Louis party guests of mayor of Lakeland." Messengers from other parts of Florida carries the same intelligence.

—Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Tompkins, winter visitors from Mankato, Minn., to Bay St. Louis, and who left here for Florida, are spending a while at Lake Land, en route to Miami and Havana. They are delighted with their visit, but write not more so than with their stay in Bay St. Louis. Mr. Tompkins wrote home to his newspaper his impressions of this place, a series of articles, one of which we have the pleasure and privilege of reproducing elsewhere in this issue of The Echo.

—Mrs. Will T. McDonald and granddaughter, little Miss Mariett McDonald, arrived here from Memphis Wednesday and will remain a while visiting friends and acquaintances of the former home town, guests of Mrs. E. S. Drake, in Ulman avenue. Mrs. McDonald is one of the number of past matrons of the local order of Eastern Star to receive their medals and honors accompanying such service and distinction. She will remain for an indefinite stay.

—Col. R. H. Henry, veteran Mississippi journalist, and a member of the Mississippi Highway Commission, accompanied by his accomplished daughter, Miss Marie Henry, spent a part of the week here, registered at the Hotel Weston. Col. Henry was here with the commission on official business and incidentally mingling with local friends and acquaintances. No man is better acquainted over the State and he is warmly greeted on every side.

—Mr. Horace L. Massie, publisher Coast Beacon, Pass Christian, was a visitor to Bay St. Louis a few days since on business with this office. He reports many winter visitors at the Pass and that his city is forging ahead with municipal improvements on every side, not the least of these being paved streets. Mr. Massie set type and put to press the initial issue of The Echo, thirty-three years ago, and we are always glad to see him.

—Mr. Leo W. Seal, cashier of the Hancock County Bank, left a few days since for a visit to Los Angeles, Seattle, Wash., and Vancouver, returning home towards the end of the month by way of Chicago. While in Portland, Oregon, he will visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Weston, of Logtown, who are making their home at that place.

—Miss Stella Gex, interesting young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Gex, attending the Academy of the Sacred Heart, at New Orleans, came home Monday a victim of the prevailing grippe. Her many friends will learn with pleasure of her convalescence at this time and that in due time she will be able to resume her studies.

—Miss Sadie Adams, member faculty Pass Christian High School, is visiting Miss Elsie Day for week-end.

### CALL FOR MASS MEETING.

To the Taxpayers and Residents of Bay St. Louis:

The people of the city of Bay St. Louis at a mass meeting assembled have appointed a committee to devise ways and means to have hard-surfaced the streets of the city of Bay St. Louis. That committee having devised ways and means which in their opinion would accomplish the results desired, reported their plans and scheme to another mass meeting of the citizens of Bay St. Louis; the plans were adopted and the Board of Supervisors requested to furnish the help necessary therefor. The Board of Supervisors, having partly complied with the request, has ordered an election for the issuance of bonds for that purpose, but since the order for the election and the issuance of the bonds will not accomplish the desired results, the Board of Supervisors has requested the Board of Supervisors to reconsider this order and to assist the citizens of the city of Bay St. Louis in their scheme and efforts to pave said streets. The meeting of the Board of Supervisors to reconsider their action will probably take place on the 2nd day of March, 1925.

To have the streets of the city of Bay St. Louis all hard-surfaced will mean more, in the opinion of the executive committee hereinafter referred to, for the city of Bay St. Louis, than any blessing that has been bestowed upon it; for that reason it behoves us not to leave a stone unturned to reach the desired results, and with a view of accomplishing the desired results all of the citizens, residents and taxpayers of the city of Bay St. Louis are requested to meet at the courthouse in the city of Bay St. Louis, at 7:30 o'clock P. M., on Friday, the 27th day of February, 1925, to learn what has been done and what we hope to accomplish.

Without your help the desired results cannot be reached. If you are interested, don't fail to come and bring your friends. The ladies are especially invited to attend.

W. J. GEX,  
Chairman Executive Committee.

—There promises to be both an enjoyable and most successful ball this Saturday evening, St. Valentine's, at the K. C. Hall, in Main street, given by Pere Leduc Council, No. 1422. Kid Rena's Jazz Band from New Orleans will furnish the music. Admission 75 cents for gentlemen and 50 cents for ladies. The benefit is for the K. C. Hall. The public is invited to participate. The committee in charge is exercising every endeavor to make this ball, the first attempt the club has made and they hope the public will show their encouragement by a full house. The Playaways are planning many cute and interesting numbers, with "Kathleen O'Connor" as a lead out. Don't forget the date. Tickets may be purchased at the Convent or from members of the Dramatic Club.

—Considerable interest is manifested in the forthcoming special election for assessor in Hancock county, to take place on Saturday, the 28th of the present month. There are four candidates, who have filed their names with the election commissioners in order to have their names placed on the official ballot, Emilio Cue, E. Van Whitfield, Carlos Green, Charles B. Murphy, Messrs. Cue and Whitfield are from Bay St. Louis, Mr. Green from Lakeshore, and Mr. Murphy from Logtown.

—Offices for the Gulf Coast Building and Loan Association will open Monday for the dispatch of business. R. C. Engman is secretary-manager and will be found daily at the location, in the Genin building, main street. The Gulf Coast Building and Loan Association will do a general homestead business and also issue paid-up stock certificates. Mr. Engman will be glad to have the public call and explain the workings of the organization.

### CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to express our sincere thanks and appreciation for all attention shown us on the occasion of the illness and death of husband and father, C. W. Madison. We will never forget the ministrations and sympathy of friends and acquaintances.

MRS. C. W. MADISON, Wife.  
MRS. M. T. BANGARD,  
MRS. H. C. TURNER,  
Daughters.

### ROLL OF HONOR.

Seniors: Oleah Maufra, Genevieve Green, Dolly Roe, Adrienne Gombe, Dolores Vial, Marie Favre, Ellen Welsh, Alice Palanque.

Commercials: Alma Genin, Rena Lott.

Juniors: Alice Blaize, Mary Scalfide, Caroline Logan.

Sophomores: Beatrice Smith, Evelyn Boh, Mary Younger, Margaret Fayard, Alberta Beyer, Claudia Cord, Erynn Saucier, Vivian Blaize.

Freshmen: Lois Hobbs, Inez Leblanc, Yvonne Leblanc, Vida Palines, Ruth Black, Ellen Sullivan, Geraldine Calhoun, Nell Wallace, Sarah Peirce, Victoria Gabrie.

Three Games.

The S. J. A. Jays are hard at work again. They are not at all disengaged by their defeat in New Orleans, but, on the contrary, are anxious to be at it once more. Sunday morning, at a quarter of eleven, on the Convent court, they will meet the A. A. U. Champions from New Orleans in return games. They expect to surprise the public and all S. J. A. is backing the Jays. And are they going to win? We'll say they are, if cheering has anything to do with victory. Just come and watch our girls. They received many compliments upon their playing in the city and with the work they've been doing this week the Bay will see a wonderful fight Sunday against those champions.

—S. J. A. Vs. Logtown.

At present, Wednesday, the 18th, seems to be quite a popular date, but we are sincerely hoping the public will be regular sports. The next thing to add to that date is a game at 3 o'clock. The Jays will play Logtown a return game and we are looking for a large crowd.

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